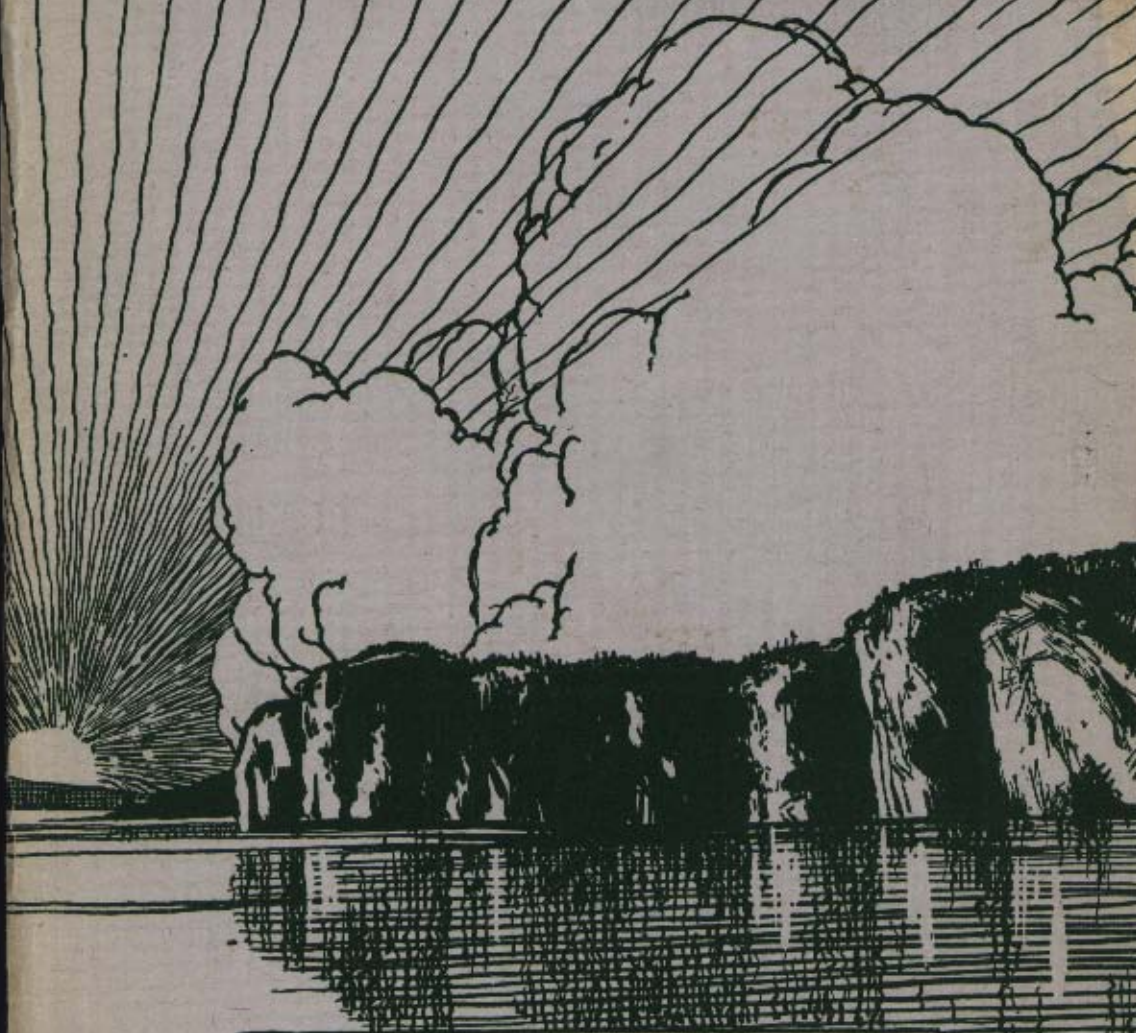


THE SUNSET OF BON ÉCHO



FLORA MACDONALD, EDITOR

Whitman Fellowship Number

Bon Echo

SUMMER RESORT

Under first class management.

Fresh milk, butter, eggs and vegetables supplied from Bon Echo Farm.

Small mouthed black bass, white fish, and lake salmon are plentiful in Lake Massanoga.

Huckleberries and other wild berries grow in great abundance.

Rates—from \$12 to \$18 a week. * Children half rates.

Special rates for large parties and long stays.

A passport is not needed by Americans entering Canada.

Write for accomodation and further particulars to

Bon Echo Inn Co.

BON ECHO, ONTARIO, CANADA

Via C.P.R. to Kaladar

Myself, Typical, Before All

I have gone freely with powerful un-
educated persons, and with the young
and with the mothers of families,
I have read these leaves to myself
in the open air—
I have tried them by trees, stars, rivers;
I have dismissed whatever insulted my
own soul or defiled my own body,
I have claimed nothing to myself which I
have not carefully claimed for others
on the same terms,
I have studied my land, its idioms
and men,
I am willing to wait to be understood by
the growth of the taste of myself,
I reject none, I permit all,
Whom I have staid with once I have
found longing for me ever after.

---Walt Whitman.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman of New York

Writes in the June "FORERUNNER."

The "Sunset of Bon Echo" is a little magazine, edited by one of Canada's ablest women, Flora MacDonald, and coming from one of the most beautiful places in a region famed for beauty—"Bon Echo."

Bon Echo Rock, Bon Echo Lakes, Bon Echo Inn, fresh food from Bon Echo farm, bass, white fish and salmon, huckleberries, blueberries, blackberries and raspberries—and the "Sunset"—it is a good place to go in summer. I know for I have been there, out on that still golden lake in the sunset glory with that great wall of sheer rock on one side, and the illimitable forests everywhere.

Two thousand feet in altitude, and an easy trip from Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, or Montreal.

The magazine emanates the spirit of Walt Whitman, of the advancement of women, of social progress.

After July 1st, Flora MacDonald can be addressed at "Whitman Club Cottage," Bon Echo, Ont.



Vol. 1.

SUMMER, 1916

No. 3

"The institution of the dear love of comrades."

—WALT WHITMAN.

The Whitman Club of Bon Echo

Founded by FLORA MACDONALD

"Neither master nor servant am I!"—WALT WHITMAN.

THE SUNSET OF BON ECHO is the official organ of the Whitman Club, edited by Flora Macdonald.

For the idea, and the why; who was Whitman; what and where is Bon Echo, and who is Flora Macdonald — see Number 1.

Walt Whitman

Centuries Past—1819-1892—Centuries to Come

"**S**PEAK the truth and you'll have them all a-guessing."
Whitman leaves us all guessing.

Vistas rise before us and the "Open Road" has no ending.

Surprises appear all along the Path and just as we have snuggled down and contentedly repeated his famous line "I loaf and invite my soul" we find that "Observing a spear of summergrass" puts an urge into our cosmos that hustles us along at rapid transit speed.

Whitman is honest with us and says:—

"I do not offer the old smooth prizes

But offer rough new prizes."

"He going with me must go well-armed,

He going with me, goes often with spared diet, poverty,
angry enemies, desertion."

"THE SUNSET OF BON ECHO" has vindicated its existence and won a rough new prize.

That it was instrumental in bringing together the personnel which organized the Whitman Fellowship of Canada seems too good to be true. As the first Canadian society, the "Whitman Club of Bon Echo" feels keenly the kind appreciation that has been given to it.

What could have been more satisfying, appropriate, and inspiring than the program presented at the first Whitman Fellowship supper in Canada. Nearly one hundred Whitmanites—all with sprigs of LILAC—Whitman's favorite flower, fraternizing together on the poet's 97th birthday.

That so many young people keen with appreciation—keen with enthusiasm—keen with understanding, were with us was a good omen for what the next generation can and will accomplish for DEMOCRACY.

The most telling speech of the evening was by Harry Wilson, who represented LABOR. He had given two weeks' wages for a copy of "Leaves of Grass," and Whitman taking care of a fretful baby to let the tired mother rest was a touch of human nature that moistened many eyes.

I always feel a wave of humiliation when I hear "The working class" spoken of in a supercilious way.

"She was only a poor working girl," "He was only a common workman." As if we should not all belong to the working class, as if anyone has a right to enjoy and not to work in a world where no good thing can come except through work.

Mr. Bellsmith, the veteran of Dickens Fellowship fame and hero of so many achievements, in giving greetings seemed to wonder at the devotion to Whitman. Dickens did great local reform work and portrayed the age in which he lived with all its high lights and dark shadows but few now appreciate Dickens characters as Bellsmith does.

Whitman wrote for all time and all people—he included all and was all.

S. T. Wood, whose frequent delightful nature stories in the "Globe" finds place in many scrap-books has long been known as a Whitman devotee. His appreciation of the Old Bard of Camden, however, does not lead him into quite such difficult paths as some of us find ourselves.

Dr. Albert Watson, whose uplift work in Toronto, can never be praised too highly—a genuine poet with a cosmic outlook—read telling selections from Calamus.

Miss Ray Levinsky, as sparkingly brilliant as a clear cut diamond, with fire and force enough to accomplish much for democratic ideals.

Miss Topley Thomas read with effect that marvelous poem "There was a child went forth," by Whitman.

Chas. F. Segsworth is so near Traubel—but perhaps that's a good way to get near Whitman.

Others on the program I have not mentioned here have been given separate space except Roy M. Mitchell, last but not least on this memorable occasion. Mr. Mitchell is a young student of rare dramatic ability and as a lecturer and teacher has already won recognition.

His reading from "When Lilac's Last In the Dooryard Bloomed" thrilled to depths and heights those familiar with this master poem.

The first public celebration of Whitman's Birthday has come and gone.

When I planned to dedicate Bon Echo Gibraltar to DEMOCRACY and call it OLD WALT to celebrate Whitman's centennial in 1919, I did not know that lasting monuments had already been built in the hearts and minds of so many worth-while folks in Canada.

And as we said good-night in softened tones I heard the voice of Whitman—

"Now understand me well It is provided in the essence of things, that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary."

**I am for free trade — absolute free trade — for
the federation of the world—I don't want the brother-
hood of the world to be so long a coming.—*Whitman***

An Appreciation of A. E. S. Smythe

I AM possibly a hero worshipper, for a person whose achievements stand out in bold relief on the pages of history has ever been to me an inspiration to endeavor, and to be through doing is the earnest of aspiration. It has been one of my pleasing indulgencies to write appreciations of many men and women who are still close to us and whose work is not yet finished.

The poet, the philosopher, or the orator have especially appealed to me for to them we are indebted most of all for keeping alive the ideals which make for "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

They open the door to a consciousness capable of better appreciating the so-called common things of life.

They tint the grey experiences of every day with the pink flush of understanding and make it known that there is a mystic meaning in everyday's happening of each life, worthy to be magnified into classic words.

They reconcile us to the gross anomalies to be met with in our social system by showing us the evolutionary trend of social growth, and that we have arrived this far is an earnest and a prophecy that we will arrive thus far.

A poet cannot be unless he teaches.

A philosopher cannot be unless he teaches.

An orator cannot be unless he teaches.

A teacher then, who is poet, philosopher, and orator is pre-eminently in the advance guard of our social life and is an especially valuable citizen.

That Mr. A. E. S. Smythe can be placed in this classification, no one who knows the man will deny.

Mr. Smythe has passed the milestone of high noon, but he faces the west with a vigor only possible when the physical body has been treated as a sacred dwelling for the spirit's finest growth.

Twenty-five years ago the Toronto Theosophical Society was founded by Mr. Smythe and others.

I believe that Mr. Smythe has been and is the most able urge in this extraordinary society which is doing so much to liberate the human mind from the errors fanned upon it by systems of theology long since known to be false.

Mr. Smythe does not force his learning nor the wisdom of his views in any arrogant or dogmatic way, but teaches those less developed than himself in the same spirit that he seeks wisdom from those more developed than himself.

The best teacher is ever the best student.

Did Mr. Smythe do nothing else but teach, lecture and write those two masterly columns "Crusts and Crumbs" in the Sunday World he would then do more than many high-salaried clergymen and professors.

As a spiritual guide to many he ranks high and as a scholar of ancient and modern philosophy and religion he is equal to the best.

And all this work is just for the love of humanity, just living the life he teaches, just personifying the "Brotherhood of Man," and paying dearly in nerve and brain and body energy for the privilege of doing it. The fact that he occupies a strenuous and important position as Editor of The World makes his services as a teacher all the more valuable, for he is constantly in touch with the everyday happenings in our social and political life and he can study conditions from within.

It is difficult to estimate the value of a citizen of the calibre and disposition of Mr. Smythe.

It is difficult to think of him as an Irishman—though his wit and humor are patent—for he is very free from race bigotry and he has all the cosmopolitan qualities that make for the world citizen.

Mr. Smythe is not only a tee-total abstainer from alcoholic stimulants and tobacco, but from tea, coffee and meat.

Kill not for pity's sake
Lest ye should stay,
Some living thing upon its upward way.
—Light of Asia.

His keen appreciation of music, art and literature and the great out of doors, gives him all the intoxicating stimulants necessary to the highest joy of living.

The doctrine of Re-incarnation and Karma is not held by him as a dogma, but taught as an hypothesis explaining the problems of human life and its developments and showing the inconsistencies when reasoning from a purely materialistic basis or when depending on any of the theological systems. All truth dovetails into all other truth, and Mr. Smythe, erudite student and mystic scholar, as well as most careful analytical critic, has found no inconsistencies in Theosophic teaching.

It takes years of careful research and intelligent study as well as unselfish devotion to an ideal to reach the pedestal on which today Mr. Smythe stands, and that he gives freely of his knowledge to any one who wishes to profit by it deserves all the appreciation and gratitude it is possible to give him.

It was a very fitting tribute to his worth that he was elected president of the Walt Whitman Fellowship of Canada.

Many have been first introduced to Whitman through "Crusts and Crumbs," and many will still be as it is Mr. Smythe's policy to frequently devote space to the "Democracy of Whitman."

Mr. Smythe has a very extensive library. Many rare and out-of-print books, many first editions. These books receive his devoted care and are his most precious possessions.

How often he has sacrificed creature comforts in order to obtain a coveted book it might be difficult for even him to remember.

In an article necessarily short it is difficult to do justice to the influence of Mr. Smythe since his coming to Canada, and I as a Canadian born, want him to know and feel how far-reaching his work has been in moulding Canadian thought.

We are better and nobler because of him, and I want to present him with a bouquet of varied flowers of appreciation in the centre of which I will place a Wild Irish Rose whose beauty and joyousness, charm and grace may ever be a benediction to one whose life is a benediction to so many.

(Mr. Smythe's President's address at the Whitman supper is published in a "Crusts and Crumbs" reprint in this issue.)



President Smythe's Address at Whitman Fellowship Supper

"Crust and Crumbs," Sunday World, June 4th, 1916.

WITH the inauguration of a Whitman fellowship in Toronto we have the first organized effort in Canada, I believe, to recognize the continental genius of America's most original, most characteristic and greatest poet. Considering the amount of attention which Whitman gave to Canada, his visits and friendships here, we might have expected an earlier attempt at co-operation in bringing Walt Whitman before the Canadian public. We may, perhaps count ourselves fortunate that it has remained to us to take this step, who appreciate his spirit, who admire his writings, who have been inspired by his teachings, and who desire to carry on his work. The first readings of Walt Whitman which I heard given in public were by Mr. Phillips Thompson, about the year 1894, and since then it has been the private student more than the public reader, who has spread his fame among us. Mr. Henry S. Saunders has been a pioneer in gathering together a splendid collection of Whitmaniana, and in making a centre of Whitman interest which has been the means of introducing many to "Leaves of Grass." Mr. Roy Mitchell by his reading of Whitman and his public addresses, interpretative, biographical and critical has also widened the circle of Whitman influence. Dr. A. D. Watson by his "Whitman" poem in his volume, "Love and the Universe," has sown the trend of literary appreciation. More recently Mrs. Flora Macdonald Denison by her constitution of the Whitman Club of Bon Echo crystallized local Whitman sentiment in the meeting of the 7th January last, and out of this has come naturally and inevitably the Whitman Fellowship, which we may trust to spread to other cities and contribute to Canadian citizenship a due share of the elemental essence which is necessary to the realization of the principle-- "Produce great persons, the rest follows."

There is no special starting-point with Whitman any more than there is with the ocean. One can begin anywhere. But we can begin with him as we begin with ourselves.

I celebrate myself, and I sing myself,
 And what I assume you shall assume,
 For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

Herein lies the sterilized egoism of Walt Whitman, which is of all as of each, and of none more than of any. He expresses the typical man, the divine average, and the reader who cannot find himself somewhere in "Leaves of Grass" must be eccentric beyond fellowship. In the all-comprehensiveness of Whitman there is more, unquestionably than the average man may fathom, but this can be no objection to the ocean-like responsiveness of his nature to all natures, and of his moods to all passions. There are two distinct sides of him, as of the ocean himself, the surface and the depth, the obvious and the occult, but it is with only the first of these that the ordinary reader may concern himself. Some of us perhaps may wish to dive deeper, and not a few will agree with Henry Bryan Binns, his English biographer, who says, "It is as a man that I see and have sought to describe Whitman. But as a man of special and exceptional character, a new type of mystic or seer. And the conviction that he belongs to the order of initiates has dragged me on to confessedly difficult ground." Other biographers have seen different phases of this representative human being, and some have failed altogether to find anything commendable in him or in his work. John Boyle O'Reilly, according to William Winter, thought it a profanation to speak of him as a poet, and Winter himself, "Little Willie," as Whitman mentioned him, could find nothing but philosophy in "Leaves of Grass."

There should be no difficulty among admirers of Whitman about what we shall call him, whether poet or philosopher. He appeals in a unique way both to the thinker and the emotionalist. Perhaps this may account for his reception in some quarters for there is an intellectual type which abhors the very suggestion of feeling, while on the other hand there is an emotional type of mind which cannot bear to be exercised with thought. I am inclined to think that Whitman is a favorite with those who have brought or at least have begun to bring forth the emotional and the intellectual natures under a higher control. Both are indispensable for their own functions, but there are conditions in which both may be superseded. There is another phase of duality in Whitman which is characteristic and which is not fully appreciated even by

some of our most devoted Whitmanites. It is the duality of soul and body. Some readers lay all the stress on Whitman's references to the body. "Behold," they quote, "the body includes and is the meaning, the main concern and includes and is the soul." But the same poem declares that he "will not make a poem nor the least part of a poem, but has reference to the soul," and also the profound passage in which he says:

Of your real body and any man's or woman's real body,
Item for item it will elude the hands of the corpse-cleaners
and pass to fitting spheres,
Carrying what has accrued to it from the moment of
birth to the moment of death.

The pendulum swing of life and death is not the chief phenomenon of existence to Whitman. These but serve to indicate something greater which is not extinguished by birth and is not kindled by death.

This day before dawn I ascended a hill and looked at the
crowded heaven,
And I said to my spirit When we become the unfolders of
those orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of every
thing in them, shall we be filled and satisfied then?
And my spirit said No, we but level that lift to pass and
continue beyond.

Greater than the "Body Electric," greater even than "the soul in the calm and cool of the daybreak," is the Democracy, the ideal humanity for which all the rest exists. Come, he says.

Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon,
I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades
With the life-long love of comrades.
I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the
rivers of America and along the shores of the great
lakes, and all over the prairies.
I will make inseparable cities with their arms about
each other's necks,
By the love of comrades.
By the manly love of comrades.

It is this triumphant note of Democracy that attracts Walt Whitman's warmest and wisest admirers. Let me quote from "Democratic Vistas" a passage which summons the best in all of us to action: "We have frequently printed the word Democracy. Yet I cannot too often repeat that it is a word the real gist of which still sleeps, quite unawakened, notwithstanding the resonance and the many angry tempests out of which its syllables have come, from pen or tongue. It is a great word, whose history, I suppose, remains unwritten, because that history has yet to be enacted. It is, in some sort, younger brother of another great and often-used word, Nature, whose history also awaits unwritten. As I perceive, the tendencies of our day, in the States (and I entirely respect them) are toward those vast and sweeping movements, influences, moral and physical, of humanity, now and always current over the planet, on the scale of the impulses of the elements. Then it is also good to reduce the whole matter to the consideration of a single self, a man, a woman, on permanent grounds. Even for the treatment of the universal, in politics, metaphysics, or anything sooner or later we come down to one single, solitary soul. There is, in sanest hours, a consciousness, a thought that rises, independent, lifted out from all else, calm, like the stars, shining eternal. This is the thought of identity—yours for you, whoever you are, as mine for me. Miracle of miracles, beyond statement, most spiritual and vaguest of earth's dreams, yet hardest basic fact, and only entrance to all facts. In such devout hours, in the midst of the significant wonders of heaven and earth (significant only because of the Me in the centre) creeds, conventions, fall away and become of no account before this simple idea. Under the luminousness of real vision, it alone takes possession, takes value. Like the shadowy dwarf in the fable, once liberated and looked upon, it expands over the whole earth, and spreads to the roof of heaven. The quality of BEING, in the object's self, according to its own central idea and purpose, and of growing therefrom and thereto—not criticism by other standards and adjustments thereto—is the lesson of Nature."

Cosmopolitanism, though not merely citizenship of the world, but of the whole universe, the visible and invisible cosmos, is thus in Whitman an elemental principle. He walks with God, but he is not confined to the cool of the day or the garden of Eden. "No array of terms," he interjects, "can say how much I am at peace about God and about death." And the deeper truth is not

evaded. "What do you suppose I would intimate to you in a hundred ways, but that man or woman is as good as God? And that there is no God more divine than Yourself?" He gave his life to this faith that God had become man, and every man to him was God incarnate. So he lived in the hospitals during the Civil War, soothed the suffering, comforted the sorrowful, kissed the dying, and touched them all with the blessing of his loving heart.



The story is told that two cultivated young American women, while visiting England once called upon the poet Tennyson. Naturally, Lord Tennyson who was a great admirer of Whitman, began talking about the old Bard of Camden, and learned to his astonishment that his callers did not know whom he was talking about. Turning to an Englishman present he said. "Only one poet in America and they never heard of him".—*New York Tribune*

**There shall come a time when brotherhood grows stronger
Than the narrow bounds which now distract the world ;
When the cannons roar and trumpets blare no longer,
And the ironclad rusts and battle-flags are furled ;
When the bars of creed and speech and race which sever,
Shall be fused in one humanity forever "**

— *Str Lewis Morris.*

What others give as duties, I give as living impulses.

— *Whitman*

A Whitman Bibliography in the Making

By HENRY S. SAUNDERS

SINCE most of the addresses this evening will deal with interpretation and appreciation of Walt Whitman as poet and prophet, it has seemed advisable to the Fellowship Executive that I should deal with a more technical side of the great Whitman propaganda and discuss briefly my own work which has been principally the collecting of Whitmaniana and the compilation of a bibliography, not only of the poet's own works, but also of the references to him in literature.

We all know how much it would mean to scholars if ample contemporary knowledge were available about the many great authors of past centuries, the records of whom are often so meagre. I need only cite one instance, almost belonging to our own time, the case of Shakespeare, to make this point emphatic. What a lot of the energy of present day writers might go into other channels if we had full details of his life before us.

As far back as I can remember I have always been a collector. Six years ago this collector's instinct was turned for the first time into a literary channel when I became interested in acquiring Whitmaniana. The existing bibliographies on the subject very shortly were found to be quite incomplete, so the idea grew naturally out of the collecting, to compile a more adequate record.

The material gathered consists of Whitman's own editions; reprints, and the books containing quotations of many or few poems; books written entirely about Whitman; magazines and books containing essays on him, and the same with less important references; poems and parodies on Whitman; works by present day writers either directly imitative, or growing naturally out of *Leaves of Grass*; music inspired by the poet's work; photographs; books and pamphlets in foreign languages; books associated in various ways with Whitman such as, for instance, Warren's "*Lily and the Bee*," which some have thought Whitman took as a model when deciding on the poetic form of *Leaves of Grass*.

Many of those present probably saw E. H. Sothorn on his recent visit to Toronto, in Sutro's play "*The Two Virtues*," and you may remember him telling his sister, in the play, of the literary

work he was trying to do, namely to write a History of Historians. He explained that in order to get a correct view of any given historian, it was necessary to study not only all that he had written, but all written about him; and to correctly estimate each of his commentators their works had to be studied, and so on. The sister then remarked, "Why it is an endless task." This little bit of dialogue appealed to me because, while not undertaking anything as stupendous as a history of historians, yet the sixty-one years that have elapsed since *Leaves of Grass* first appeared has been a period of almost incessant controversy over it, and you can readily imagine, from the various headings I have enumerated, that trying to compile a complete bibliography is no small undertaking.

Whitman himself issued nine editions of *Leaves of Grass*, besides his prose works *Specimen Days*, *Democratic Vistas*, etc., and since his death other writings of his have been published—two volumes of his letters, to Pete Doyle and to his Mother; a volume of his Notes and Fragments, and four smaller items with the titles *Diary in Canada*, *An American Primer*, *Lafayette in Brooklyn*, and *Criticism*. The first edition of *Leaves of Grass* is much sought after being very scarce and quite unique. Whitman assisted in setting up the type for it, so it has an additional personal link. At recent auction sales in New York copies have been sold at an average price of a little over \$100.00.

There have been many reprints of his works, the most important being the ten volume Putnam edition, which contains almost everything the poet wrote, both in poetry and prose, besides a number of the important essays on his work. Among other reprints we now have an India paper edition published by Mitchell Kennerley which is a good and convenient piece of book making.

Of books entirely on Whitman there are about 50, commencing with John Burroughs' little book issued in 1867, which is now a very scarce item, selling for about \$25.00.

Of books and magazines containing Whitman essays there are an enormous number. In my own collection there are 80 volumes, and a very large number of magazines.

When we come to less important items the list grows with tremendous strides. Whitman permeates a large proportion of all present day serious literature.

Of poems and parodies on Whitman, 126 are listed and there must be many more.

If we consider Whitman as the fore-runner of the present-day free verse movement, and I think it is right to place him there, then another large field is opened up. I have a list of 150 present-day writers of free verse; it is serious work, and some of it, at least, is likely to live.

On the music list there are 81 compositions inspired by *Leaves of Grass*. One of them, a setting of "The Mystic Trumpeter," by Hamilton Harty, you may have heard at our Mendelssohn Choir music festival last February.

Whitman has had great influence on French and Belgian poets of to-day, and considerable on those of other European countries, but it is difficult to get full data at this distance and I have only been able to get together 30 books and pamphlets in foreign languages.

In pursuing a hobby like this one has many interesting little adventures and comes across items in what seem to be roundabout way. Here is an instance. A couple of years ago, in the queries and answers column of the *Toronto Star* this paragraph appeared:-- "W. J. H.: Walt Whitman was a famous American poet. His poems are for sale in the Hamilton book stores, or you could see them in the Public Library. Don't know where you could sell his autograph letters, but you might write Walter R. Benjamin, 1125 Broadway, New York, for an estimate of their value." Indirectly I heard of this item and tried to follow it up by getting the address of the Hamilton correspondent from the *Star*, but no record of it was to be procured there. If the enquirer has some original Whitman letters they were worth hunting up, so I got the *Star* to insert another answer in the same column, asking the inquirer to communicate with me. At the same time I sent advertisements to two Hamilton papers to try and catch his eye. In addition a Hamilton directory was searched and the twenty-two persons in it with those initials were sent post cards of inquiry. None of these cards reached the right man, but he saw my advertisement in one of the Hamilton papers and answered it. On my next free day I went to Hamilton to see what was being offered, and found no manuscript letters at all, but instead one facsimile letter, five large photographs, a steel engraving, a large woodcut and two etchings, all of Whitman; also the two original sketches by Pennell, of the Whitman and Van Velsor grave yards, which Dr. Bucke used

to illustrate his book on Whitman; and finally nine newspaper wrappers addressed by Whitman, most of them with his signature in full on the corner. As every item but one of this list was new to me, you may be sure I carried a parcel home with me that day.

Another lot of things was procured from Karl Knortz, a German writer living in New York, who has written some books and articles on Whitman. The most interesting items from him were, a large signed photograph of Whitman, a scrap book of clippings, and Whitman's copy of the life of Anne Gilchrist. This book is referred to in Traubel's "With Walt Whitman in Camden," where it is recorded that Whitman said to Traubel, "You should read it—read my copy; Karl Knortz has it now, but we can get it back."

There is another book I will mention in this connection, the 1889 edition of *Complete Poems and Prose*, inscribed by Whitman as follows:—"Will Carleton from his friend the author, W. W., April, 1889," which was purchased from the Carleton Estate.

One of the very interesting features in the working out of this bibliography is the friendships that have been made.

Horace Traubel, the author of that monumental work, already referred to, "With Walt Whitman in Camden," and of books of his own poems, also publisher for the past twenty-six years of *The Conservator*.

M. Leon Bazalgette, the young French poet who wrote the most voluminous life of Whitman extant, and who translated into French, and had published, the complete *Leaves of Grass*. A most lovable correspondent, now on active military service.

T. W. Rolleston, the English author, who in answer to a letter of enquiry, wrote,—“I wish all success to your very big undertaking in connexion with the Whitman bibliography,” and after making some remarks on the enormous amount of research involved, said,—“However, its my business to help you if I can, not to criticize. . . . I hope . . . that you will make any use of me you can in connexion with your book. I am often in the British Museum and could verify references, etc.”

W. H. Trimble, of New Zealand who, with his late wife, made a complete concordance to *Leaves of Grass*, which we hope to get funds to publish some time.

Charles N. Elliot of Astoria, Oregon, who has just published the book he compiled of original tributes to Whitman, under the title "Walt Whitman as Man, Poet and Friend."

R. Emory Holloway, of Brooklyn, who has for several years been working on the obscure period of Whitman's life, the years immediately preceding the first issue of *Leaves of Grass*, and whose book in preparation will probably add much to our knowledge of Whitman's development.

But I must not take up your time by trying to complete this list. The Canadian names alone would take some time to read, so I will only mention Mildred Bain, who has come from Brantford to be with us, and whose singing to-night will, I am sure, give the greatest pleasure to you all.

One who has not attempted to make a thorough study of a single author from all points of view, could scarcely realize how many other authors come within the scope of such work. The study of Whitman has brought me into closer touch with the writings of Edward Carpenter, Horace Traubel, John Addington Symonds, John Burroughs, J. William Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Havelock Ellis, T. W. Rolleston, Wm. M. Rossetti, Edmund Gosse, Edward Dowden, Edmund Clarence Stedman, E. H. Crosby, "Golden Rule" Jones, Robert Ingersoll, Richard LaGallienne and a host of others, many of whom I might never have otherwise known.

Already this bibliography has been of service. A New Yorker who is publishing a bibliography of Whitman first editions, knowing of my work, sent me his complete manuscript before it went to the printer, and I was able to make suggestions and additions which were of value.

At the present time it is comparatively easy to get the material together to go on with this work, but it will be more and more difficult as time goes on, and I hope eventually to have a completed manuscript or possibly a published work, that will be of permanent value to the Whitman students of the world.

(Address by Henry S. Saunders, Secretary-Treasurer at the Whitman Fellowship Supper.)



Miss Grace Blackburn

Miss Grace Blackburn of the London Free Press, gave a remarkably clever and well-thought out paper at the Whitman supper on the analogy of Whitman and Rodin.

Not only was her address brilliant, but it was delivered in a most convincing way.

Hers would be the popular appeal and the majority might agree with her. If freedom in handling mediums be an analogy then Whitman handles language with the same free abandon that Rodin handles clay.

If disdain for all pre-conceived acceptations of precedents be an analogy, Whitman and Rodin can be pigeon-holed in the same class.

But when method, technique in outward handling, all external modes and the impression made by sense perception be eliminated, there the analogy ends and we find the thought result an antithesis instead of an analogy.

Rodin's "Eve," with bent head is not Whitman's "A Woman Waits For Me." Rodin's "Hand of God" is not Whitman's "To Be Indeed a God," and Rodin's masterpiece "The Thinker" does not tally with Whitman's "I know well that whatever is really Me shall live."

When I was in Paris the year before the War, I spent much time before that great statue "The Thinker," in front of the Pantheon, and I said here is Ingersoll in Bronze—here is the great Agnostic—after all the centuries, after all the "Long reaches of the peaks of Song," these two master-men proclaimed to a waiting world—"I do not Know."

Then when I stood long and long before the Venus of Milo in the Louvre and watched the lights and shadows play about that most wondrous of all statues, watched the calm poise of absolute balance, watched to see where those thinking eyes were looking, I felt they had Cosmic knowledge, that there was there NO DOUBT—they really knew and I said here is "Whitman in Marble."

This conclusion shows the many sided appeal of Whitman's message.

In outward form—Whitman and Rodin—Yes.

In spiritual insight, in cosmic consciousness. Whitman and the sculptor of the Venus of Milo.

Mildred Bain

Mildred Bain is the author of a monograph on Horace Traubel.

You read only the first chapter when you realize that a strong pen is transcribing clear definite convictions and both Whitman and Traubel must mean more to you than before.

It took the appreciation of a Huxley to make the world aware of the bigness of Darwin.

Mildred Bain makes us aware of the bigness of Traubel and how proud we feel that we know a woman with such insight into the heart of things. It would be impossible to read this book of Mildred Bains and remain in ignorance of what Traubel wrote.

His work must form a separate study, but the part we loved most of all was the immortally beautiful story of the friendship of Traubel and Whitman. The Old Man—broken in health through his service in the hospitals nursing the sick and dying soldiers now able to lean on a young, vigorous friend whose splendid mind made him an intellectual companion to the world's greatest.

If Horace Traubel has not yet come into his own with critics in some directions, he has certainly come into his own in the mind and heart of Mildred Bain, a critic whose judgment and logic is convincingly conclusive. Mildred Bain is not only a writer of ability but a singer and composer as well, and her place in the Whitman Fellowship is already an enviable one.



I hear it charged against me that I seek to destroy institutions;
But really I am neither for nor against institutions.

(What indeed have I in common with them?—

Or what with the destruction of them?)

Only I will establish in the Mannhatta, and in every city
of these states, inland and seaboard,

And in fields and woods, and above every keel,

little or large, that dents the water,

Without edifices, or rules, or trustees, or any argument.

THE INSTITUTION OF THE DEAR LOVE OF COMRADES.

—Whitman.

At The Roycroft Shops

When I first visited the Roycroft Shops a joyous camaraderie bordering almost on the burlesque pervaded the place. Elbert Hubbard's fame was in the making and fate still waited around the corner with her big prizes and her cruel blows.

Again I was there when Col. Rowan the man who carried the famous "Message to Garcia" was there. He had hid in Garnet's stall and got himself disgracefully messed up with hay and oats because he refused to be lionized by a highbrow bunch of hero-worshippers, and the way I got chummy with the Colonel was when on a tramp with the Fra as leader I refused to be left behind when they jumped a creek, also a barbed wire fence.

I waded the creek and rolled under the fence destroying my best Sunday shoes and ruining a favorite dress.

But I did the "Hike" and the Colonel bought me the best bound "Message to Garcia" in which many noted visitors and Roycrofters inscribed their names and good wishes along with a delightful inscription from himself. Elbert Hubbard was like a big boy gleefully playing hookey and it was this atmosphere and this spirit that made the guests chortle and chuckle with glee and go away full to overflowing with resolutions to come again and bring their friends with them.

Success followed success quickly with Elbert Hubbard but while larger crowds came year after year to Roycroft, somehow as the grandeur of the place increased the joyous spirit decreased—the sign "Take anything that is not nailed down" gave place to de lux goods at de lux prices. I was at the "Shops" a year after the sinking of the Lusitania. Roycroft is now grand and beautiful, a life's work finished, but Elbert and Alice sleep side by side at the bottom of the Ocean.

Many of the "old bunch" were there—The Red One—always a host in himself and Ali Baba and that genuine Bohemian and sure enough artist Alex Fournier and Elbert II., so like and so unlike his father.

We talked of the days when things at Roycroft were in the making—when the blacksmith shop was a real red hot iron door

hinge shop—when sparks flew about the anvil and the black water sissed and the blacksmith and Hubbard discussed Greek literature, the blacksmith being a Greek scholar and Elbert learning where he could for use in his "Little Journeys." Now the blacksmith shop is a bank and the romance of it all gone.

Thus does money so often kill the spirit while changing the form. The Red One spoke of the past with mellowed voice and then said "We are going to have the good old times repeated—we are going to make folks feel at home as they used to."

But, alas! it takes more than high motives and good resolutions to give an air of delicious Bohemian camaraderie to fixed and fussed environment. Atmospheres are not made to order by premeditation and rule—they just happen as an effect when many "Open Roaders" starting from different points on the rim of life's experience and converging meet and recognize each other on the hub of some common love.



Literature is big only in one way. When used as an aid in the growth of humanities—a furthering of the cause of the masses—a means whereby men may be revealed to each other as brothers.— *Whitman*

A Song of Himself (Walt)

1

What is this I hear, President Smythe?
An invitation?
Camerado—my thanks!

2

To be present with many whole-souled men and women, lovers of
Whitman,
Whitman the Kosmos, of Manhattan the son,
Maker of strange revolts, turbulent, fleshy, eating and drinking,
And keeping the middle of the long brown path;
His 97th birthday keeping—day when his short sharp barbaric
yawp
Burst first over the parental roof at Paumanok.
Allons, I say, and Forward; I can scarce contain my contentment
Save that the engagement previous cripples the anniversary joy.

3

I observe it is Open—Free. Were it not so, I should decline it as
less than modest.
For me, I would unscrew the locks from the doors
Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs.
I would accept nothing of which all could not have the counterpart
on the same terms.

4

To enjoy this meal equally set; this meal for the natural hunger,
It is for the wicked just the same as the righteous, you have made
appetites with all,
All conjoined in the new Fellowship Whitman, formally gathering
On the Eve of the Sixth month, month of the sweet young grass,
and the blue flag, hilarious with beauty,
Month of the lilac's pungent perfume in the blooming back yards of
the masses. (Cheers, brothers).
You then, all diners, make poems of the materials, for are they not
the most spiritual poems?
Pass about the cute quip, the jest, the smart repartee,
Honoring, one and all, the memory of old Walt.
Revolver, tribune of body as well as soul,
Facing neither backward nor forward but straight out,
Canadianos, Liberstad affectionate, with Fellowship afloat,
For you a programme of chants.

—REUBEN BUTCHART.

Toronto.

To Walt Whitman

By RAY LEWIS

From Songs of the Universe.

They say I sing your songs;
I know that my tones
Are not as full, as round, as vibrant as yours;
Still I am glad that with my feeble voice
I have the courage to sing your melodies.
They shake their heads these critics, murmuring,
"It is a pity she follows Walt Whitman so closely";
And I in place of being dismayed
Pray that I may be enfolded in your strong thoughts,
Impregnated with your ideals,
And that my songs will so resemble yours
That all men hearing them will cry aloud,
"Walt Whitman is their father."



I saw in Louisiana a live oak growing,
All alone stood it, and the moss hung down from the
branches,
Without any companion it grew there, uttering joyous leaves
of dark green
And its look, rude, unbending, lusty made me think of myself
But I wondered how it could utter joyous leaves, standing
alone there, without its friend, its lover near, for I knew
I could not.
And I broke off a twig with a certain number of leaves upon it, and
twined around it a little moss,
And brought it away—and I have placed it in sight in my room.
It is not needed to remind me as of my own dear friends,
(For I believe lately I think of little else than of them)
Yet it remains to me a curious token—it makes me think of manly
love—
For all that, and though the live oak glistens there in Louisiana,
solitary, in a wide flat space,
Uttering joyous leaves all its life, without a friend, a lover near.
I know very well I could not.

—Whitman.

Letter from Horace Traubel

New York, May 28th, 1916.

Dear Saunders,

When you meet Wednesday there as we are to do here to celebrate Walt we'll sort of question each other and answer each other in a fraternal union of hearts.

As we come to Walt free we must go from Walt free.

We've no more right to magnify him than to aggrandize ourselves.

Walt was not a leader or a follower but a comrade.

He was no more to be looked up to than to be looked down upon.

Some people get nearer their great men by getting farther away from the average man.

I say we can only get near the great and participate in that greatness by standing by the mob.

Walt didn't deliver us any tablets of masculating law from a mountain top in a blaze of light. He rather penetrates us in the silences and the shadows where our communion becomes an interior illumination.

Walt don't draw us away from ourselves. He drives us back upon ourselves.

He don't glorify the triumphs of the single man but the victories of the crowd.

Walt is often spoken of as the final individual man. But he was something unlike that. He was the final crowd man.

I know that you feel as I do, dear Saunders, that when we gather in his name, we really gather in our own names. There would be no excuse for his superiority in our abasement.

I feel that somehow on that day—three days from to-day—when you there and we here are lisping the still crude syllables of our far from complete democracy, we may remember his life without forgetting our own lives. For after all, we don't belong to Walt any more than he belongs to us. In the give and take of that relation which has become so beautiful as between him and us there's no measure by whose dicta anybody will be less or anybody will be more in our common love.

TRAUBEL.

To Horace Traubel,

Hotel Brevoort,

8th St. and 5th Ave., New York.

The Sunset of Bon Echo, official organ of the Whitman Club of Bon Echo, sends greetings to the International Whitman Fellowship.

I am reading "With Walt Whitman in Camden"—our debt to you is great.

I give thanks for Whitman's life—he is living now—and will live.

With love,

FLORA MACDONALD.



Regrets were received by the Secretary of the Whitman Fellowship from Phillips Thompson, Oakville; Dr. Geo. H. Locke, Toronto; Mr. John Cottam, London; Mr. J. F. Heffron, Toronto, and Dr. Stowe-Gullen, who said in part "The Ideals and philosophy of Whitman create a wholesome joy in life and efforts to disseminate the standards of that great human soul will prove of service to mankind."



Copy of telegram sent to New York and Chicago Fellowships—

The Canadian Whitman Fellowship assembled at Toronto for its first annual celebration of Walt's birthday, sends loving greetings to the Whitman Fellowship

"I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each other's necks,

By the love of comrades."

HENRY S. SAUNDERS,

May 31, 1916.

Secretary.

Appin, May 30th, 1916.

Henry S. Saunders, Esq.,
9 Neville Park Boulevard,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir,—

Thank you for your kind invitation to the Whitman Fellowship meeting. I regret that I cannot arrange to attend. In spite of the teachings of our poet, I am forced to be "industrious" though even in the country I am able to avoid being "respectable."

Yours faithfully,

PETER McARTHUR.



"Leaves of Grass" stands for a movement — a
new born soul — the Adamic Democracy is signifi-
cant as affecting a world. — *Whitman*

Keeping Whitman's Memory Green

By DAVID FULTON KARSNER. in *New York Post*, May 27, 1916

On Wednesday, May 31, the anniversary of the birth of Walt Whitman will be celebrated in this city by his friends and admirers who constitute the Walt Whitman Fellowship, International.

For twenty-seven consecutive years Horace Traubel, Whitman's active literary executor, has made these celebrations possible. Speeches are made by prominent persons, after which each celebrant has the privilege of saying his say. Many of Whitman's first friends and admirers have passed away since the founding of the Fellowship, but a new brood of poets has sprung up, and among them are many who see in Walt Whitman and "Leaves of Grass" the fullest expression of freedom and democracy. Socialists, anarchists, communists, theosophists, freethinkers, business men, labor agitators, and mechanics are drawn together by this magnet.

Back in the late eighties, Whitman told Traubel that he was unalterably opposed to formal celebrations of great men. Traubel records the incident in the second volume of "With Walt Whitman in Camden." Some one had proposed the launching of a Walt Whitman Society. Whitman remarked: "What do they want of a Walt Whitman Society, anyway? Are they to dig a hole and close me in?" Traubel replied: "They are bound to come—Walt Whitman Societies." "Then God help me—I am lost." "That won't be because you are lost—it will be because you are found." Whitman was puzzled. "How do you make that out? Do you justify a Leaves of Grass creed?—boards of explicators?—this line means this, and that line means that . . ."

"No—for nothing of the kind—nor will the societies. They will go in for fraternity without a creed—love without a creed. Do you object to that?" "No—I don't; but can you hold societies together with no more than fraternity as the article of faith?" "Why not? If we can't, then I don't want Walt Whitman Societies any more than you do. If we can, I want to see Walt Whitman Societies all over the world." Whitman was silent for several minutes. Then he spoke: "I say God bless fraternity, Horace: what else could I say? I stand for that if I stand for anything—fraternity, comradeship; and I suppose that if you can make societies that stand for the same thing (if you can, do you hear? if,

if) then I am bound to wish them luck, whether they bear your name or mine or whatever name they bear."

All through these years Traubel has steered the Fellowship away from the rocks of formal hero-worship. The proceedings of the meetings are democratic. It is significant that each year an increasing number of young people attend the Fellowship meeting and dinner. No one pays any dues. One can become a member by simply announcing himself as such in writing to the secretary. It is the thought of Traubel, who is secretary-treasurer; that the levying of dues would exclude many persons who cannot afford to pay. Whitman himself once wrote: "What we believe in invites no one, promises nothing, knows no discouragement, sits in calmness and light. Waiting patiently, waiting its time." What the Walt Whitman Fellowship believes in invites no one and promises nothing, either.

The first meeting of the Walt Whitman Fellowship was in 1887, five years before the death of the old Bard of Democracy at his shrine in Camden. The Fellowship was the outgrowth of the Walt Whitman Reunion, the gathering of a group of Whitman's nearest friends with the poet on his birthday.

There is a Whitman Club in England, a Whitman movement in Canada, a Whitman Society in Chicago, a branch in Philadelphia, and a clique in Arden, Del., who each year on the poet's natal day plant a sprig of lilac or a young cedar and dedicate it to his memory. No vigorous agitation or persistent propaganda is required to get up these little Whitman meetings in New York. They are always as spontaneous as the spirit that produced the poems in "Leaves of Grass." The inclusiveness of Whitman's message is proved by the fact that at these Fellowship meetings each representative of his respective cult, sect, creed, or political theory finds something in Whitman to affirm his doctrine. The Fellowship ever advances his thought of Whitman:

After all, not to destroy but invigorate,
Not to create, but labor at what is already created and carry it forward,
Not to command, but to obey—is the mission of the New World:
After all, indeed, can there be any really New World?

Woman and War

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I have heard praise of you, because you fling,
Tearless and proud, son after golden son
Into the maw of this abhorred thing
That even poets grow ashamed to sing;
This bloody dream of bayonet and gun,
This obscene idol shutting out the sun,
This goblin with so wild a glory crowned,
So decked with dazzle of old words that flame
Along the heart, and girt with such sweet sound
Of lying music,—men still call it fame
To do this murder with a laureled name.

Ah! women, blindly, noble, now to you
Is given Time's divinest deed to do:
To pluck this madness from the mortal brain;
To root from out the very thoughts of men
This dread inheritance, this ghost that dwells
In the dark swamps beneath the soaring soul,
This shuddering larva of old lusts and hells
Feeding on radiance, making foul the scroll
Of man's ascension; out of language tear
Any bright word that makes this foulness fair,
Strip off the gold, and show the monster there—
Till men forget, or a wild legend deem,
That such a thing as War was once a dream,
And man's supremest vanity to kill.
The upturned faces of a million dead
Plead to the sky; there is no help but you,
O women! you that proudly harvested
Out of your travail all this flower of men

That rots like rubbish out in wind and rain;
With cynic fury, like a shattered hoard,
Broken and wasted—the young future furled
In heart and head gone like a vanished world;
Treasure of bodies piteously adored
In ribald violation tossed and torn.
That desecrates the holy name of Death—
Were they for this so mystically born,
And from your hearts so strangely filled with breath!
Ah! battles worthy of the soul to fight
There shall not lack; for still the Ancient Night
Girds us about, and slowly climbs the morn.
For these, O women, mighty is our need
Of men, to do a more courageous deed
Than rushing blindly on an open grave.
O teach us nobler ways of being brave,
And other harder ways of being strong;
Rear up us sons, and rear us daughters, too,
O women, for we have no help but you—
To dare new conflicts with new ways of wrong—
But give no more your children to the flame,
To glut this infamy that once was fame.



TO SUBSCRIBERS

Instead of the next number of *The Sunset of Bon Echo*, we will send a large photograph 10 by 15 of the massive Gibraltar, which will be the Canadian monument to

Old Walt

The next number of the magazine will contain a series of sketches written at Bon Echo and will include *Sunsets*, *Mileposts on the Open Road* and *Who's What at Bon Echo*.

Several articles and many answers to correspondents already prepared were cut out of this issue when it was decided to make it a Whitman Fellowship Number. Many object to my stand on the Servant Girl Problem which has been—is—and will be—that it will never be settled till there are no servant girls. Tell me any social custom that has made women more snivellingly small and been more cruel to the girl and I will take a different stand. However it would seem as though the fates were handling the problem, for on every side we hear the cry that domestic help cannot be got for love or money. Love has not been offered and girls prefer to marry soldiers and have a good time on separation allowances and patriotic funds than work in someone's kitchen and be ostracized.

A minister said to me, "I am democratic, but surely we must draw the line at eating with a servant girl." I said, "It is your privilege to draw that line, but is it consistent then for you to preach 'The Brotherhood of Man.'"



How do you like

**"The Sunset"
of Bon Echo
_____ ? _____**

Would you like to go with us for a
tramp along the "open road"?

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR
Send subscriptions to the office of
"THE SUNSET"

Wanless Building, Yonge and Hayter Streets
TORONTO, ONT.

Published every so often--according to our bank balance. Anyone
not receiving one dollar's worth will be given a free trip to Europe

To join the Whitman Club of Bon Echo, announce yourself
by letter or in person. Pay what you want to and we will put
you on our wire for health and wisdom.

Absent treatments daily, except Sundays.

BON ECHO

Altitude
2000ft.



Bus, Stage, Automobile or FORD

will take you for a joy ride over the
Bald Mountains from Kaladar Station
to Bon Echo Inn